

The Student's Pen

December, 1931

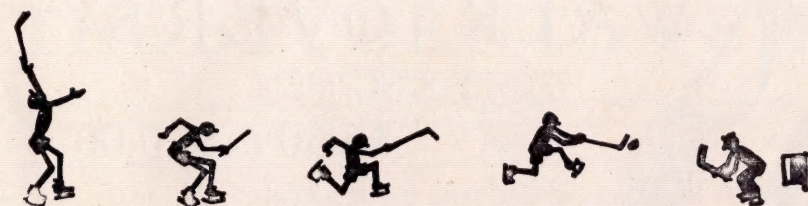
*Go Home
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back after*

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CHRISTMAS TO
PITTSFIELD
HIGH SCHOOL



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big whiskers*



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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XVII

DECEMBER, 1931

No. 3

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
EDITORIAL	5
LITERATURE	8
ESSAYS AND SPECIALS	15
POETRY	18
NEWS NOTES	20
ALUMNI NOTES	23
SPORTS	25
EXCHANGES	28
PENPOINTS	29
CHILDREN'S COLUMN	30
ADVERTISING	31





"We have seen His star in the east, and have come to adore Him"



Christmas

"Peace on earth, good will to men"

IN a stable at Bethlehem in Judea was born Jesus Christ, the redeemer of mankind. The exact date of this sublime occasion is unknown, although in the third and fourth century, either January, the sixth, or December, the twenty-fifth, was considered as the day when the whole Christian world should interrupt its well trodden course of material progress and rejoice in a spirit of brotherly love. The general adoption of December twenty-fifth, as the day of celebration, dates back to the sixth century when the Christians decided to commemorate the birth of the Christ Child, and it has ever since been a day of peace and goodwill.

If man would but pause to consider the true significance of this day, if he only would realize the importance of the event that this day commemorates, he would indeed make this Christmas the happiest day that any man, woman or child has ever, in the history of the world, experienced. Comforts are not truly enjoyed, unless shared by others.

Life is but a school where man is educated to meet the requirements of His Divine Master. In this world man must learn to love and respect, to cherish and adore. The tests are plentiful indeed. War and disease, flood and hurricane, starvation and depression must be met with a spirit of cooperation and brotherhood.

If we permit the spirit of Christmas to link our hearts together in one common ideal, there will come into every quarter of the world on Christmas Day *"Peace on earth, to men of good will."*

William Greenwood '32

An Anniversary

THIS month marks the thirty-eighth year of the existence of *The Student's Pen*. On December 7th, 1893, the first issue was released. But those who edited the material of the first *Pen* never realized the trials and tribulations, the succeeding staffs would undergo in publishing the school magazine. Twice at least publication was suspended because of financial circumstances, while the task of securing material has always been a difficult one.

A word about the present method of financing *The Pen*. It is distributed free to all students who contribute to the athletic fund.

Since three fourths of the weekly nickel collection is turned over to the treasurer of the Athletic Council, the magazine receives little income from this source. It has been figured that each copy of *The Pen* costs twenty-two cents. When the reader considers this, he should realize that his *monthly* nickel does not pay for *The Pen*. *The Student's Pen* is paid for by the advertisements which students in the business department solicit.

During these months of depression, local merchants must eliminate certain expenses, so they cut down on advertising. Thus, the school paper must likewise avoid hitherto possible expenditures. Many of our exchanges which once had many illustrations, long stories, elaborate covers, and other features are now dormant. Others have reduced the cost of printing the paper.

But there need be no fear that *The Student's Pen* will discontinue. Our competent ad-getters are exerting their energies in convincing Pittsfield business men why they should advertise in your magazine. And the butcher, the baker, the candlestickmaker, all are paying for those photographs, those sketches, and those cartoons which you admire.

So, when you have finished reading this month's issue, turn to the back of the book. Read the advertisements and then patronize those who paid for them. Each firm is reliable. Each offers you the best Christmas values at reasonable cost; and each is helping *your Student's Pen* to appear regularly each month.

The Editor.

Complimenting the Orchestra

WHILE we of *The Student's Pen* Club observe, with interest, the activities of sister organizations, we are particularly impressed by the rapid progress which the Pittsfield High School orchestra has made. Mr. Smith and his student musicians have weekly rehearsals an hour and half in length. They recently played between the acts of "Beggar On Horseback," a play presented by the Town Players for the Junior Auxiliary's Milk Fund, and they are included in the series of programs arranged by the recently-formed Faculty-Student Assembly Committee.

When the Berkshire County High School Orchestra is organized annually, it is our own schoolmates who compose the greatest part of the aggregation. They have performed before the microphones of Station WBZ in Springfield and have played in the towns throughout the county. Their playing shows a precision, a command of technique and a fine appreciation of feeling and melody not apparent among many performers of more mature years. Mr. Smith and the P. H. S. orchestra are to be congratulated on their success.

Selecting a School Song

THE Torch Hi-Y Club recently announced the opening of an Alma Mater contest to stimulate interest in an Alma Mater song for Pittsfield High School. This organization, eager to be of service to the school and its members, has already undertaken this task and plans to have a school song to submit to the student body next month. A committee, with Frank Wetstein as chairman, is collecting contributions this month while the contest will close on December, the 29th. Bulletins in the rooms throughout the building have notices regarding the rules and regulations.

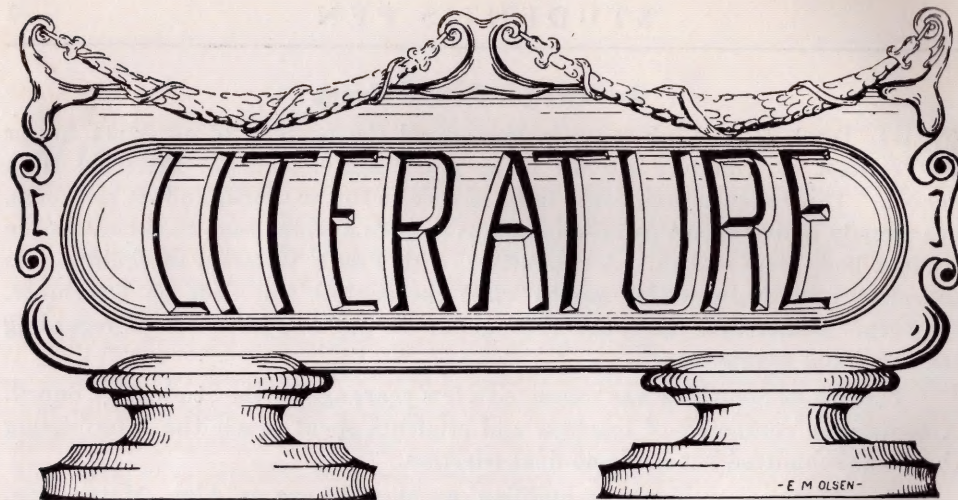
The School Song idea was conceived a few years ago by the Student's Council. A committee composed of teachers and students spent much time considering the songs submitted but made no final selection.

Now that we are in a new building, we should have an Alma Mater song.

Students with some musical talent should try to write such a song. To its author goes not merely a prize of five dollars but the honor of composing a song which will be sung for many years to come.

M.





The Spirit of St. Nicholas

IF one peeps through the small window of a poorly-furnished but clean and plain house on an evening in the dead of winter, one would see a homey fire in the grate that seems to invite warmly, as its hospitable red tongues quietly rise and fall; and before the fire one could see two sisters as they sit poring over a book. Let us listen carefully; perhaps we can hear what it is they are saying.

"It's impractical as well as utterly silly to give each other expensive presents this year," one says.

"I know we can't afford it and all that, but we always can manage about Christmas presents. There're only we two. I wish—" She stops, but as if in answer to her unspoken wish, her sister replies, gazing dreamily into the fire as if receiving her inspiration there,

"You know, somehow as far back as I can remember I've longed for a certain thing as a present for Christmas, and I've never received it. Among all the Christmas gifts that I've had (and you know we used to receive many) nobody ever gave it to me. Do you know what it is?"

She turns her dreamy smile to her sister who shakes her head.

"A silver jewel case that sings when the cover's off," and now her smile is directed to the fire again.

"A silver jewel box!" her sister cries.

"Oh, I suppose you think I'm crazy, but it's just one of those things. I never told anyone before, and just now when it's simply impossible, I mention it. Just like me."

She laughs a little. A moment's silence and then suddenly she rises, and pushing her chair back firmly, she says, "Oh well, giving presents on Christmas is merely force of habit anyway. I'm going to bed."

One can see her go out of the room and as she leaves, the other girl moves forward in her chair and rests her elbow on her knee. It is difficult to see her face now for in the window there is a Christmas holly wreath that bars our view; but she is saying something in a low voice as she shakes her head.

"You're wrong. It's not a habit. It's the Spirit of Giving—The Spirit of St. Nick."

The next morning, it was a very quiet girl who walked about the house, helping her sister prepare breakfast before they both went to work. As she stepped out on the back porch to take in the milk, we recognize her as the girl who on the previous night had sat thoughtfully before the fire after her sister had gone to bed.

In the middle of the short afternoon she left her place of work, and going home, she went straight to a clothes closet where she took out an old chest. She opened the quaint box, a chest of souvenirs and keepsakes. A wilted rose—a bit of ribbon—a bunch of letters—a faded white glove—all told the story. From among the treasured relics, she took out a tin box and opened it. From this she took out a roll of bills—all crisp, and fresh, and new, as though they had just been released—and yet, how many years they had been there! Sixteen dollar bills. A dollar for each year. Her sixteenth birthday. What memories those dollar bills brought up! No one knew what secret dream she had always had about using this money. Though the two sisters had often had a hard time to make both ends meet, she had never spent this birthday money. She fingered the folded bills thoughtfully. Suddenly she stood up again, and putting on her shabby coat, she went out into the snow and cold.

That evening, it was a rosy-cheeked girl who bent over the stove to cook supper, and, as she sat down to the table opposite her sister, she smiled brightly; for that night was Christmas Eve.

After all the lights were out that evening, one little one reappeared in the parlor; and, by its dim glow one could discern the figure of a girl, but that was all. In a few minutes all was darkness.

* * * * *

It is Christmas morning now, as one looks again through the misty, fast-freezing window with the Christmas wreath in it. There is a fire beginning to burn in the fireplace, and the two sisters stand before it with packages in their arms. The window is beginning to frost over, but one can see an eager girl opening the package in her hand with feverish fingers. The papers drop away and something bright shines in her hands. She stops short. It is a lovely jewelry case! She takes off the cover. The window is almost entirely frosted over now, but there is the faint, very faint, sound of tinkling, fairy music. She turns to her smiling sister but the window is all frosted over now, and one can see no more.

Miriam Mirmow '33

Linda Acquires the True Spirit of Giving

LINDA sat, pencil in hand, making out her Christmas list. It already contained the names of deserving relatives. Now she was thinking of her friends. First, she listed the names of those who had given her gifts the year before. Next, she listed those who she knew would give her gifts this year. She thought of Patty Palmer; poor Patty Palmer, for Patty, although poor, was well liked. Linda did not list Patty's name, but made a note at the side of her paper: "Christmas card for Patty." Linda knew she would not receive a present from Patty. And this year she might not even receive the customary five cent card. Patty's parents were very poor this year. Linda felt a little guilty not to include Patty on her Christmas list, when she could so easily. She knew how much Patty liked pretty things that were so far out of her reach.

Linda had not acquired the true spirit of giving, and it never entered her pretty head that one might give for the pleasure of giving and not because one expected a gift in return.

Next day, as Linda started home from her shopping expedition, she had completely forgotten about Patty. She felt tired, but relieved. No more pushing and shoving in crowded stores this year. Her Christmas shopping was finished. But as she passed Wolf and Dessaur's Department Store, she stopped and looked in the window. Spread out before her was a delicate blue scarf. It was a beautiful thing. Suddenly, Linda thought of Patty. Wouldn't she love it? She could just see Patty's blue eyes shining above the blue scarf. But she could expect only a card from Patty, at the most. So she went home.

Two days before Christmas, Linda and Patty were walking down the hall in school. Patty looked worried. She had looked that way for the last week or more. Linda remembered how little the girl had eaten for lunch, and wondered if she were ill.

"Patty," she asked, "don't you feel well? You look so worried."

Instantly Patty smiled. "Why, yes, I feel fine. Don't you worry about me, Linda. I was just thinking."

"About what, Pat? Pat," Linda said suddenly, "I know something's bothering you. Won't you tell me what it is?"

Patty frowned, and then looked at Linda and smiled.

"It isn't anything much. Only, you know since daddy was laid off, it doesn't look as if there is to be much of a Christmas at our house for the little folks. It's so hard to disappoint them too, when they still believe in Santa. I've been saving every penny I can get for weeks, but when there are not many pennies coming my way, it's rather hard to save many. And Linda, you won't mind if I just say 'Merry Christmas' instead of sending you a card this year, will you?"

The next day Linda hurried home from school. There were a great many last minute things to do before Christmas. As she rattled tissue paper, and hurried from ribbon to boxes, she came upon a Christmas card half hidden under the blotter on her desk. It was addressed to Miss Patty Palmer. Linda stopped her hurrying and picked up the card. It looked terribly cheap now. She remembered the day before when Patty had said, "You won't mind if I just say 'Merry Christmas,' will you?" Patty was doing all she could to make Christmas happy for her little brothers and sisters, although she knew she would not receive anything. Linda suddenly felt ashamed. She looked at her watch. Seventy-three. The stores would be open for another hour. As she put her coat on, she thought again of Patty's blue eyes shining above the blue scarf.

Linda had acquired the true spirit of Christmas.

Marcia Young '32

A Belated Christmas Spirit

THIS will surely be a Merry Christmas," murmured Nedra Lascelles, in a sarcastic tone. "If Helen would only pull with us, instead of against us, it wouldn't be so hard for Rex and me, but I suppose she can't help it, if she is so spoiled."

Nedra walked hurriedly on, for it was cold and her thin coat was not much protection against the frigid air, and even her gloves were worn thread-bare. She was a pretty girl, even though her clothes were not as correct and fashionable as they had been a few years ago. As she walked along, the glow of the street lights shone down on her fragile little figure, on her small oval, aristocratic-looking face, with its deep blue eyes. Hustling along she became intensely aware of the cold air nipping her nose, her chin, and even her fingers and toes.

At last, reaching home—a small apartment in a section of New York City which was far from select, she sank into a chair and reviewed again the many events which had brought such a change in her happy life of but two years previous. She remembered all too vividly that terrible night when they had received word of the airplane crash which had resulted in the instant death of her father, and the death of her mother a month later. The family had been considered wealthy, and the three children had had everything that money could buy. But whether through a misjudgment or dishonesty on the part of the administrator, Nedra did not know, but they had lost the house, the servants, cars, horses, and all that had represented their world of luxury. The little that had been saved had to be used to see Rex through his last year of college, for although he was not the oldest, he was now the head of the family and was doing his utmost to pull his two sisters along with him. Helen, the youngest girl of sixteen, could not be made to realize just what it all meant. She had refused to accept any responsibility, and when she learned that it would be impossible for her to return to Pearson's Select School for Girls, she thought it degrading to attend the Central High School in New York.

As Nedra turned on the lights in the day living room which served as a bedroom at night, she brought her thoughts back and remembered that she must get dinner ready so that Rex would have something hot awaiting him.

"Dear me," she thought, "if Helen would only get dinner ready once in a while, or help a little,—wash the dishes or peel the potatoes—it might make things so much easier for me."

But it was not long before the potatoes and turnips were boiling merrily on the stove, pork chops sizzling in the pan, and sending a pleasant aroma through the rooms. The table was set and everything ready now for her brother and sister's homecoming. Rex would come home from the bank, where he had secured a position through a friend of the family. Where Helen spent her time, Nedra could not be certain.

Noisily the front door opened and shut.

"That's Helen all right," thought Nedra.

Then she came into the kitchenette. But when Nedra saw her, she could have cried, for there stood her sister dressed in a new coat and hat.

"Helen, where, why, and how did you buy those?"

"Oh, I saw the coat in Altman's windows. I needed a new coat, and I charged it to you, and that's the where, why, and how," Helen said nonchalantly.

Nedra tried not to get angry but it was useless.

"Helen, how many times have Rex and I told you not to do that very thing? I am forever paying debts, while you are forever incurring new ones. The only thing left for us to do is to go to every store in New York City and tell them not to extend credit to you."

"You are just mean enough to do that," sobbed Helen, who was now in tears. "You and Rex seem to take pleasure in humiliating me. First you take me out of school, then you want me to go to work, and now you don't even want me to dress respectably."

"Helen, you know that is not so. If we could afford such things, I would only be too glad to give them to you, but we can't, and so you must go without them. Rex and I have gone without any new clothes for the last two years, and I guess if we can stand it, you can. That coat will have to go back."

"I won't let you send it back," she cried frantically. "It can be my Christmas present from you."

"Why I can't afford to give a Christmas present as expensive as that coat must be," Nedra tried to explain. But all explanations fell on ears that would not listen. It was useless to try to make Helen understand.

That evening Helen donned her finest gown, and before she had time to ask Helen's destination, Nedra heard the door close behind her.

"There she goes again, Rex," exclaimed Nedra. "We simply must do something to stop her. Father and Mother both spoiled her. She is only sixteen and too young to be going out without our knowing where she is."

"Oh, let her go; she is only young once," yawned Rex, as though he considered himself old at twenty-two, and who, if the truth were known, preferred to let her go her way rather than have any argument about it.

Poor Nedra, try as she would, could keep her mind only on Helen and succeeded in getting Rex to worry a bit, even though he would not admit it.

But Helen, unaware of the worry that she might be giving her sister, was having the time of her life. She was at the home of Mary Morrow, a wealthy former schoolmate. Mary was giving a week-end party in honor of the Christmas vacation. Mary had just introduced her to a friend of her brother's, an artist by the name of LeBeau. This artist was looking for a model as he had been awarded the painting of a picture, representing the Christmas Spirit. When Pierre LeBeau saw Helen, he realized that right here was the girl to pose for him.

"Miss Lascelles! How would you like to pose for me? I have been assigned to paint a picture for several magazine covers, and you are just the type I am looking for. And of course, I would pay you well," he added.

"I'd love to," she cried enthusiastically, and she thought to herself, "now I can have the coat, the hat, new dresses, shoes, oh, everything that I have wanted. I won't tell Nedra, for what she doesn't know won't hurt her, and then I won't have to give her any money."

Helen came in late that evening, much later than usual. Nedra was still awake, but when she heard the door open and close in their little apartment, she was so tired that she fell asleep immediately.

The next morning things looked brighter all around. Rex miraculously found his clean shirt without difficulty and Helen came to breakfast all smiles. It all seemed so good that Nedra had not the heart to scold Helen about last night. After breakfast Nedra and Rex left for work, but Helen contrary to her usual habit, did not go back to bed. She hurried to Mr. LeBeau's studio.

Mr. LeBeau was evidently pleased that she had kept her appointment punctually, and it seemed in no time that she had changed her gown and was posing as he had shown her. But how slowly the time was going. She soon realized that even posing was not fun, but real and earnest work. And she was not dancing with Mr. LeBeau as she had been the night before, she was working for him. Three days later the picture and a few sketches were finished and she was given two hundred dollars, one hundred dollars for the four days' posing, and one hundred dollars as a sort of retention fee so that she would pose exclusively for him. How delighted she was, for it was the first money she had ever earned and the very thought of it filled her with pride. But she was determined not to tell her brother and sister.

Nedra and Rex were greatly worried. For Helen's sake they wanted to celebrate Christmas in the old way, with a Christmas tree, lights, and trimmings, and yes, a Christmas dinner, but of what use when there was no money to buy presents to put upon the tree. No matter how they figured, they could not scrape enough money to buy but the merest of gifts, and they well knew that Helen would not be happy with anything that they could afford.

It never rains but it pours, for some people at any rate. Nedra, poor, gallant, brave Nedra, worked in a toy department in one of New York's largest department stores. She hadn't felt her usual self that morning, but despite Rex's entreaties she had gone to work.

"We need the money so badly," she had argued with him.

But how the day dragged. Usually Nedra loved her work, loved the dolls, the electric trains, the woolly animals, but today—oh dear, everything irritated her.

"Have you a doll with black curls?"

"Miss, wait on me; I have been waiting here an hour."

"Can I have those toys delivered by this afternoon?"

"What would be suitable for a little boy four years old? Oh, no, he has one of those."

"A small wreath, please. I am in a hurry."

Was everyone talking at once? Again and again those voices came monotonously to Nedra's tired ears. The shifting crowd in the shop blurred into an indistinguishable mass of tangled colors. The voices seemed like the buzz of angry bees. With no more actual consciousness of her gesture than if she were a robot, she waited mechanically on the customers. With but one thought in her tired and aching body, she kept repeating to herself, "I must go on, I must go on." Again those faces became blurred. The voices sounded farther and farther away, the lights seemed to fade.

"Oh, what is the matter," she thought frantically.

She found no answer, for everything became clothed in darkness and she knew no more.

Nedra opened her eyes. She felt as though she were near a bank of snow, for there was whiteness everywhere, even a moving pile of snow. Nedra blinked her eyes to clear her vision, making an effort to think clearly so as to realize where she was. At last she became aware that the moving pile of snow was a nurse in her uniform. What was she doing in bed with white walls shutting her away from those voices. She seemed so at peace, and then she saw Rex.

"Wake up, dear," said Rex in a low tone.

"How did I get here?" inquired Nedra. "It's a hospital, isn't it? I can't seem to remember a thing."

"You fainted at the store, and the doctor that was called thought the best place for you was in a hospital."

She struggled to get up, but it was useless.

"Rex, I must get up. Every minute I lie here means less money coming in and more going out."

Rex tried to pacify her as best he could.

That evening, Helen came to see her, not because she wanted to, but because Rex had insisted. Her visit roused in her a number of conflicting thoughts. At last she began to understand all that Nedra had gone through, and how terribly selfish she herself had been. And then she found herself in Rex's arms, sobbing as though her heart would break, for if ever a girl was remorseful, she was. And Rex in turn told her how hard Nedra had struggled to arrange a Christmas such as Helen had been accustomed to.

"Oh, how selfish I have been," she cried over and over again.

"Well, I could hardly call you grateful," Rex admitted.

"Call me anything you like; I deserve it all and more. But listen to what I intend to do." Then she told him of the money she had earned, and how she had planned to spend it entirely on herself. "But I have changed my mind. I am going to give a Christmas party for Nedra, just as soon as she comes home."

"That's a great idea," agreed Rex. "We'll have gifts for her, a tree, decorations, a grand dinner, and everything we can think of to make her happy."

And so they continued to make plans far into the night.

A week later Nedra came home. To say she was surprised and happy at what she found, could hardly express her joy.

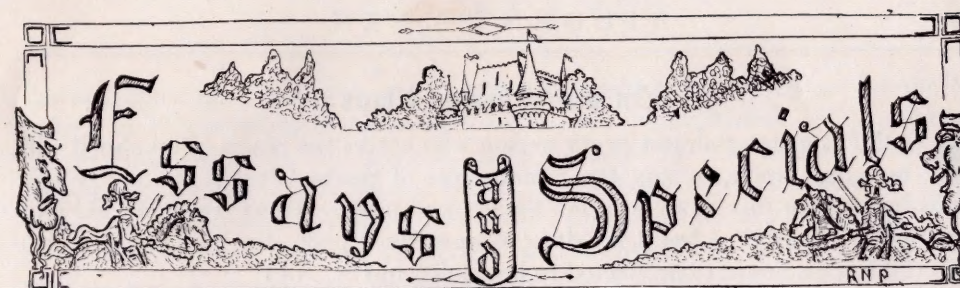
"And you earned the money yourself?" she asked for what seemed the twenty-fifth time.

"Honest, truly, really," sang out Helen.

"Just a few days ago I was worrying and worrying how to give you a happy Christmas, and now you have given me the happiest, merriest Christmas I have ever known," said Nedra. "Let us pray that every Christmas will be as wonderful."

"Well, it will," replied Helen, "for I am going to help from now on. I have truly learned what the old saying means, 'It is better to give than receive.'"

Phyllis Morrison '33



True Giving

No man should give unless his gift be from the depths of his heart, nor should a man's pocketbook be the measure of his generosity. Only the good will and human kindness of his spirit is a fit gauge of the extent to which he can carry his giving. No matter how poor a man may be, he is always the equal of even the very richest when it comes to giving from the soul.

There was recently brought to my attention the story of an incident which took place in a hospital in one of the largest cities in the country. It was the privilege of a young interne there to witness the effects of gifts of the proper sort, given in the proper spirit. In a ward of the large hospital there was an old man suffering from a fractured hip. He had once been a big league baseball player and had been active right up to the time of his accident. Naturally the confinement with two heavy sand bags on his injured hip, holding it in place, did not add to his comfort. Not many days after the man entered the ward, all the other patients were discharged, leaving him entirely alone. From that time on, his resistance ebbed and he failed steadily until his chances of recovery appeared to be lost. In fact, his case was put on the danger list.

Relief, however, came to this man when three new patients were brought into the ward. The newcomers were surely a queer group; one was a plumber, one a steeplejack, and the third was a signal operator on the railroad. This trio immediately took the weak, old man under their care, and the results were marvelous. With simple but wholehearted and generous offerings of friendship, they drew him out of himself and gave him something to live for. In no time at all the old sportsman was ready to try crutches, for in the cheerful atmosphere of the ward, his constitution had strengthened and his hip had knitted well. He would have none of it, however, for so optimistic was his spirit that he felt that he could walk without them if only given a chance. True to his predictions, and contrary to the orders of his nurse, he walked with his crutch dragging behind. Whenever any nurse or doctor entered the ward, he would quickly place the crutch under his arm and feign feebleness that he might continue to enjoy this heaven on earth that his friends had made for him. But once his ruse failed. As a nurse entered, he put the crutch under the wrong shoulder and she noticed it immediately. But no unpleasant consequences followed. In due course the old man's discharge was arranged. He left the hospital hale, hearty, and happy with the assurance that the friendship that had given him a new lease on life was to be everlasting, as all true friendships are.

Here, as in thousands of other cases, we see that gifts from the depths of the heart are after all the true ones and the best.

Robert Morrison '32

On Being Santa Claus

SOONER or later almost every person who enters the realm of manhood will be called upon to play the famous role of Santa Claus. Ordinarily one looks forward to this as an occasion for joy and pride. However, as an old and experienced "Santy", I feel it my duty to warn those poor, deceived unfortunates who think it an honor to be elected to be a jolly, old St. Nick.

I was once young and happy, but since I have been asked to act as a Santa so often, I am growing old and sad. For of all the times that I have been asked to be a Santa Claus, I cannot remember a single time when I was a total success. Something has always happened to spoil an otherwise joyous celebration.

My first misfortune came about when I was asked to act as Santa Claus at a Christmas party for my little brother's Sunday School. Everything was going according to plan, and I was ready to distribute the gifts to the dear, little children (I hope their dispositions have improved since then) when I felt a sharp pain in my left leg. One young ruffian had secured a pair of pliers, presumably from my 1922 Ford runabout, and was trying to test the toughness of my leg muscles. As the red hot jaws of the pliers bit into my flesh, I could not suppress a groan. This proved to be my undoing, for my dear little brother, Napoleon, recognized my voice, and together with several more future pugilists, tried to unmask me. Realizing that nothing could prevent disaster as long as I remained, I hastily left the scene and with it, the beautiful little children and the still more beautiful teacher. I rushed out of doors and was soon carried away by my reindeer (they were in reality the only two cylinders on the car that worked).

Another great calamity took place when I was Santa at a gathering one Christmas Eve. We were placing a huge log on the open fire when suddenly, my magnificent hemp whiskers burst into flame. I was just beginning to feel my chin being toasted when some clear thinking idiot rushed upon me with a twelve quart pail of icy water. Of course, I was drenched, and had to spend the rest of the evening in banishment, drying out my socks and my polka dot knickers. The water had made the coloring in the Santa Claus suit run and this had dyed my sweater, my shirt, and my body, to say nothing of my knickers and socks, a brilliant scarlet. But this was not the worst. My beautiful mask for which I had paid twenty-five cents was totally destroyed.

Perhaps the most dreadful of my experiences was the one which caused me to decide to remain a bachelor. One of my dearest friends was giving a party for the children of her neighborhood and I was to serve as Santa Claus. The party was well under way when I decided that it would be a very good idea to go upstairs, enter the chimney through a rather large opening and drop a few feet to the fireplace below. The fireplace had not been used for a long time, so I reasoned that it would not be very dirty. I was wrong. Not confiding in a soul, I went upstairs and got into the chimney. I was prepared for a fall of perhaps ten feet at the most, but it must have been a hundred. At any rate, after an eternity, I landed. But the landing was not a success. I felt warm, warmer; hot, hotter, very hot; and then I wondered what sort of inferno I was in. Sudden realization

dawned upon me. Someone, not knowing my plan, had built a great fire on the hearth, and I was sitting in the midst of awful, red tongued flames. With a shriek, the children rushed to the kitchen, while I headed for the nearest snowbank. After melting three tons of snow I betook myself home through a series of alleyways and dark streets. When I was better, which was about the middle of the next October, I called up my dear friend and demanded an apology. Then the brazen young hussy had the nerve to tell me that I had ruined a wonderful party and that she never wanted to see me again. That is why I shall always be a bachelor.

Now that you know the facts, let me impart a last word of warning. If you are foolish enough to be Santa, take along every possible bit of protective apparatus that you can think of, no matter if you need a freight train to convey it. You will never be sorry!

S. Morey

The Continuity of Things

CONTINUITY is one of the basic principles on which the modern world depends for its permanence. Without continuity, life would appear like a mosaic of no intrepitation, a cubistic painting of no motivation, and a poem of no beauty.

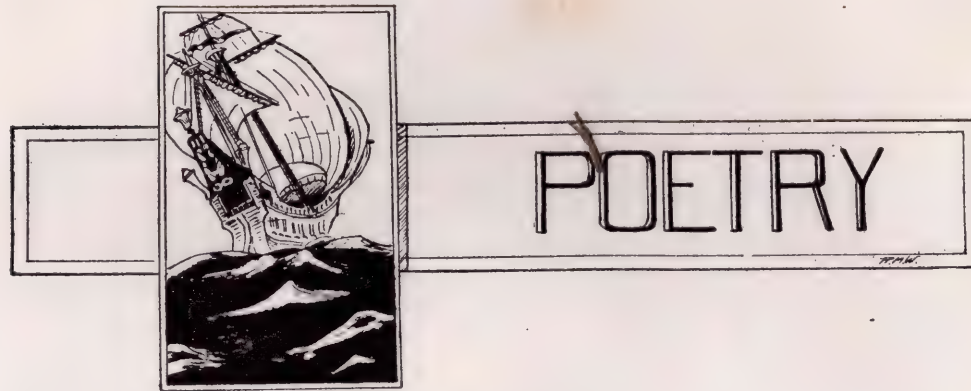
In fact, we are completely surrounded by the continuity of things. Births and deaths are occurring without any interruption; this is the continuity of replenishing and diminishing. Inventions and improvements are being made; this is the continuity of progress. Virtues and vices are brought forth daily; this is the continuity of character. Hardships and troubles are conquered; this is the continuity of strength, both mental and physical. Repletion and diminution are brought about; this is the continuity of the life-cycle of nature.

The applications of continuity are legion. We are but a form of continuity, sometimes significant and sometimes insignificant, but nevertheless, we are part of the whole, which is part of life, and which in turn is part of the universe. Thus the continuity of things is that which helps to create the music of the spheres.

Erik Stahl '33

Across the cold and silent night
The peal of Christmas bells rings clear
And echoes 'gainst the soft piled snow
A message of good will and cheer.

Frances Norton '34



Roel

The man with the mansion on top of the hill,
The richest of men in the town,
Was deluged with Christmas gifts, costly and rare,
And yet he continued to frown.

His spacious, elaborate halls were festooned
With beautiful holiday trim;
The bright, twinkling star on the gay Christmas tree
Still sparkled in vain, though, for him.

The Spirit of Christmas had knocked at his gate,
But, alas, he had sent Him away!
The season to him meant but needless expense
And bills he so hated to pay.

* * * *

The man with the hut by the side of the road,
The poorest of men in the town,
Received not a gift, no, not even a card,
But smiled without hint of a frown.

His two tiny rooms were both barren and cold;
Not even a candle had he.
But Heaven's own Star shown down on his soul
And made it as bright as could be.

The Spirit of Christmas had rapped at his door;
With joy he had welcomed Him there.
The season to him meant the rebirth of Christ
And glorious peace everywhere.

Betty Browne, '32

The Lonely Star

To think it was a lonely star
That guided shepherds from afar,
A star so small and yet so bright,
It flooded earth with radiant light.

A lonely star, whose twinkling ray,
Was guide to wise men on their way
To Bethlehem, and stable bare
Where Christ was born to Mary fair.

God's gift to man, this lonely star
That guided magi from afar
And brought to earth its rarest gem,
The angels' song, "Good will toward men."

Virginia Keene '32

Snowflakes

White, so white, and soft as down, and cool,
They float to earth, and lying there, are gone,
Their going, still and noiseless
As their coming.

We watch them come—their myriad glistening forms,
Drifting through gray space, like aimless lives.
Downward they float, softly, hesitantly,
And pass in silence from our sight.

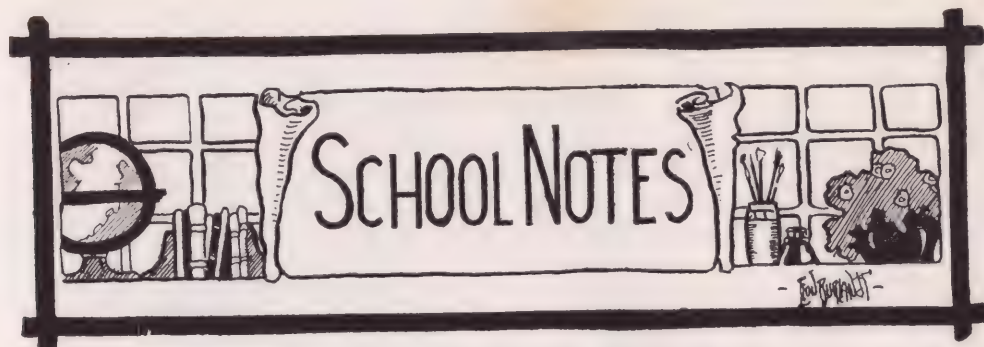
E. Nichol森 '32

Christmas Eve

Every year on Christmas Eve,	Off to bed the kiddies go,
Mary, John and Tom and Steve,	Say their prayers in voices low;
Each, with stockings long and wide,	One by one they fall asleep,
Run gaily to the fireside.	Hearing sleigh bells, soft and sweet.

To the mantel high, they climb,	How I wish that I could be
Hanging socks that look so fine;	Back again to days like these,
Stepping back they nod their heads,	Just to do as these four do,
"I hope he'll see them," Mary says.	I'd enjoy it, wouldn't you?

Virginia Keene '32



In Defense of Mastery Problems

THE mastery problem has, apparently not been greeted as enthusiastically as I had fondly hoped. Criticism has not confined itself to usual channels; it has actually stooped to replacing the "a" by "y" or inserting "i" for "a" and omitting the "t".

When such unfair methods are used to belittle my educational innovations, it is only proper that I be permitted to raise a feeble voice in defense.

The mastery problem owes its existence to the fact that P. H. S. has no system of uniform final examinations. As the semester draws to a close, there is a tendency to slip into "low gear," and teachers start hunting for a challenge to evoke their pupils' best efforts at a time when hibernation usually tends to set in. The final examination has numerous evils, but its most ardent opponents admit that it keeps minds going full speed—at least, until the examination is over. Luckily, the mastery problem was discovered, with the good features of the examination system, and—I had hoped—few of its evils. True, as I have intimated, its fair name has been sullied by an underground whispering campaign. Yet to the mastery problem must pupils and teachers alike be thankful that the final examination has not cast its cloud of gloom over our happy mathematics classrooms.

Many other advantages could be enumerated, the most notable being the opportunity offered to industrious pupils to improve grades which would otherwise be low or failing. Unfortunately, however, the full operation of the plan has been temporarily suspended, to give our system of directed study a fair trial. But fear not! Before long, the mastery problem will stage its comeback, to the delight and acclamation, I hope, of the student body. And of this you may rest assured: "When bigger and better mastery problems are made, we will make them!"

Theodore Herberg,
Head of the Mathematics Department

To Debate the Five Day Week

The Pittsfield High School Debating Club has been holding its weekly meetings in Room 311. Officers were elected as follows: William Greenwood, president; Walter Connal, vice president; and Marjorie Cummings, secretary and treasurer. A debate will be held before the Fortnightly Club of Pittsfield on January 4th. The topic of the argument is, "Resolved: that the five day week plan should be adopted in all American industries." The club is under the direction of Mr. Lynch of the science department.

Senior A Play

The Senior A class presented "Turn To the Right," a comedy, to a capacity audience in the school auditorium, Friday evening, December 11th. Miss Mary A. Kelly, leader of the Dramatics Club, coached the play. The principal roles were taken by Madeline Dowd, William Hagyard, and Vivian Shaw, while Margaret Griffiths, Jane Mills, Stanley Simkin, Archie Allen, Benjamin Joffe, Herbert Ferguson, Edwin Johnson, and William Rayner were supporting members of the cast.

"Turn To the Right" is the story of three "crooks" who, after leaving Sing Sing try to go "straight." Their efforts and difficulties in accomplishing their aim cause many amusing situations to develop.

The players acquitted themselves creditably and gave a performance that was generally interesting.

Following the play the Torch Hi-Y tendered a reception and dance to Miss Kelly and her cast at the Business Women's Club. The Happy Jax Orchestra played for the occasion.

Assembly Committee Organized

An Assembly Program Committee was recently organized with Miss Madeline E. Pfeiffer, head of the English Department, as chairman. The other faculty members are: Miss Helene Millett, Miss Frances Downey, and Miss Ella Casey, Mr. John Joyce, Mr. Arthur Goodwin. Student members are: Edward Michelson, Marjorie Nichols and David Cullen.

The purpose of this group is to prepare programs, to arrange for assemblies, and to secure speakers to address the student body.

Regular programs prepared by school clubs will be presented under the direction of this assembly committee.

Albert Swartz '32

At a recent meeting of the Senior A class the Class Day Committee was appointed with Margaret Griffith as chairman. Her assistants are Wilson Sawyer, Albert Swartz, William Rayner, Edwin Johnson, Virginia Keene, Gladys Pomeroy, Esther Geller, Katherine Hosier, Eva Goodman, Mary Odett, Robert Morrison, and Frank Wetstein.

Edward Willis was selected as chairman of the committee in charge of the Commencement issue of *The Pen*.

The Senior A Play Committee, which has charge of arrangements for the production of the play, appointed William Tower chairman of the ticket committee. Those on the committee are Duane Ross, William McKegg, Clara Kibby, Hazel Blake, Elizabeth Donald, and Albert Swartz. The tickets have been printed and may be secured from any member of this committee.

Betty Browne has been elected chairman of the committee for a class song. This committee consists of Ruth Cronin, Rita Cushing, and Frank Wetstein.

Council Members Receive Pins Football Awards

An assembly was called on December 8th for a twofold purpose: to award letters to the letter men of this year's football team; and to present pins to the new members of the Student Council.

Edward Hickey, president of the Varsity Club, introduced Archie Allen, who introduced Coach Stewart. He commended the fellows for their fine work during the past season and congratulated them on their achievement. Mr. Stewart then presented letters to the following members of the squad: Archey Allen, captain; Alfred Anderson, Gardner Ayers, Donald Bansley, Edward Brockway, Michael Calderilla, Robert Canfield, David Cullen, John Curtin, Saverio Chiodo, Paul Dixon, Lloyd Engle, Anthony Gull, George Keller, Wilbert Larson, Leon Lombard, Virginio Marchisio, Jacob Martin, John Spasyk, Joseph Woitkoski, and Gunnar Peterson, manager.

William Greenwood, president of the Student Council, presided for the second part of the assembly. He introduced Mr. Strout, who presented the pins to the newly elected members of the Council. Mr. Strout declared in the course of his remarks that to be selected to represent such a large student body as ours is one of the greatest honors that the school can bestow upon a student. The following students received their pins: Ruth Boutwell, Helen Cranston, Alma Griffin, Margaret Griffith, Lucy Eulian, Mary Menin, Francis Manvel, Marjorie Nichols, Gladys Starkweather, and Edward Rushbrook.

The orchestra played before and after the assembly.

Reporter: "Do your football men get up bright and early?"

Coach Stewart: "No, Just early."

* * * *

"Lady," said the beggar, "could you gimme a quarter to get where me family be?"

"Certainly, my poor man," she replied, "here's a quarter. Where is your family?"

And as he edged away, he answered, "At de movies."

* * * *

Soph: "Are you one of the professors here?"

Senior: "Say, I haven't slept for three nights; that's why I look that way."

* * * *

Martin: "My! You did get fat this summer."

Klein: "I weigh exactly 135 stripped."

Martin: "But these drug store scales are likely to be wrong."

* * * *

Spasyk (after gazing at report card): "Well, now I'm as famous as George Washington."

Sub: "How come?"

Spasyk: "I went down in history."



The Alumni Notes will carry each month news about the activities and work of former editors of *The Pen* who are now on the staff of their respective college magazines or paper.



'28 George Beebe, a student in the School of Journalism at Boston University, is managing editor of the *Boston University News*, a paper with a weekly distribution of 10,000. Mr. Beebe is very active in class affairs and prominent in dramatic circles. He is publicity manager of "The Hub," the all-University Year book. When at Pittsfield High Mr. Beebe was editor of *The Pen* during his senior year, leading man in the Senior A play, and manager of the football team.

'31 Dorothy Burling and Gertrude Maher are juniors in the two-year Normal Department at Bay Path Institute.

Priscilla Dorr is a member of the senior class in the two-year Normal Department at Bay Path Institute.

Alma Cooke is a junior in the two-year Secretarial Science Department, and Dominic Dastoli is a junior in the two-year Accounting-Finance Department at Bay Path.

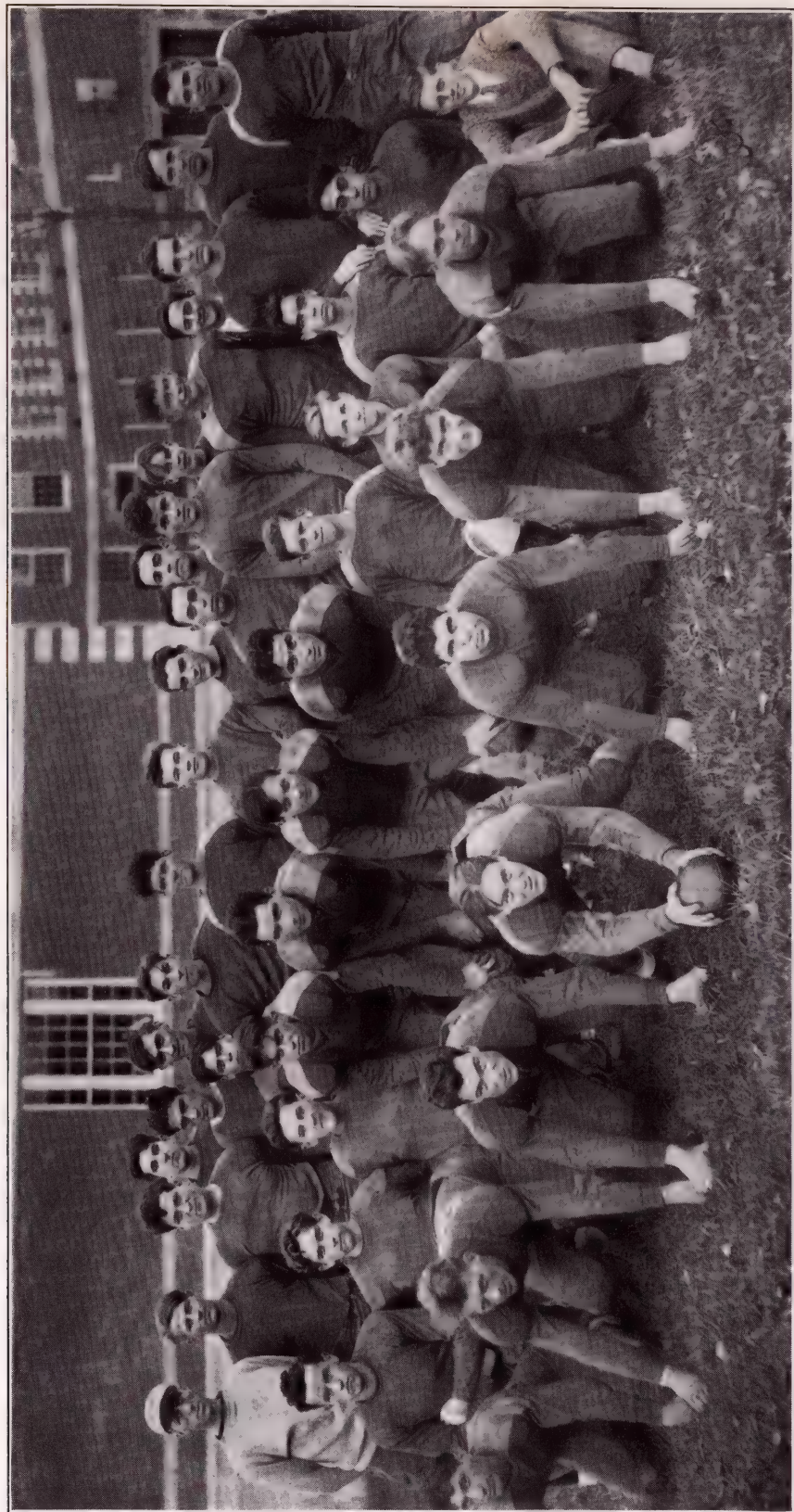
Phyllis Sullivan is enrolled as a member of the freshman class at Trinity College, Washington, D. C.

Elizabeth Gale, February '31, is a freshman at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie.

Nelson A. Foote, Jr. is a member of the freshman class at Dartmouth College.

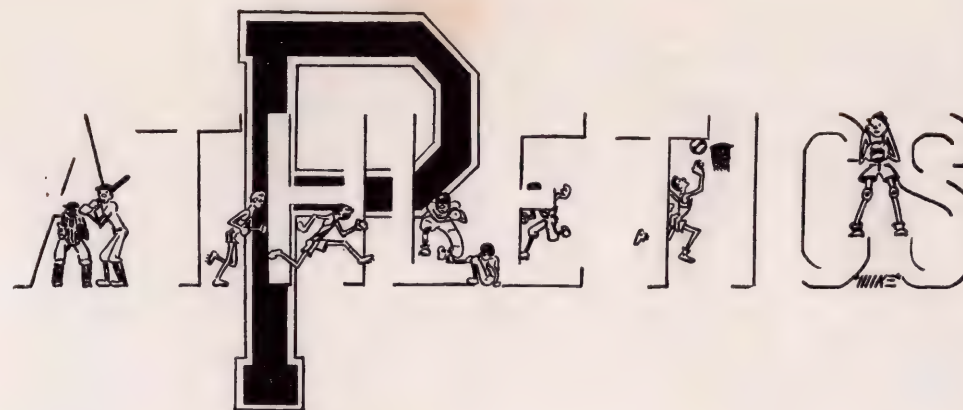
James Vaccaro, former P. H. S. athlete, is taking a pre-medical course at Muhlenberg College in Allentown, Pa. He recently took part in a play presented by the freshman class.

Roger E. O'Gara, former member of *The Pen* staff, has been pledged to the Alpha Chi Mu fraternity at Bucknell University. O'Gara is enrolled in the Liberal Arts Course.



THE P. H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row, *Left to Right*—Coach Stewart, Mankowski, Tristany, Martin, Calderilla, Pupo, Gull, Brockway, Hinckley, White, Sayles, Burch, Bansley, J. Keller, Phelan, Kazberovich, Salvaggio, Kidney, Motiaytis, Spasyk
 Middle Row—Lombard, Ramsey, Cullen, Ayres, Captain Allen, Woitkoski, G. Keller, Gorman, Goodrich, Engle, Haddad
 Front Row—Marchisio, Larsen, Canfield, Dixon, Chiodo, Captain-Elect Curtin, Anderson, and Manager Peterson Harold Bass is Manager of the 1932 Team



Resumé of Football Season

*P. H. S.	57	Highland	0
P. H. S.	0	New Britain	8
*P. H. S.	7	Poughkeepsie	7
*P. H. S.	0	Adams	7
P. H. S.	0	North Adams	0
P. H. S.	0	Holyoke	0
*P. H. S.	13	St. Joseph's	6

*Home games

Pittsfield Outplays Powerful Holyoke Eleven

Despite the fact that the Holyoke High team is considered the championship eleven of the Connecticut Valley, it barely managed to hold Coach Stewart's boys to a scoreless tie in a charity contest at Holyoke on November 21st. The Pittsfield High boys outplayed their much-advertised opponents throughout the entire game, threatening to score several times. Joe Woitkoski's all-around playing combined with Albie Dixon's performance at center, worried the Paper City combine most, but the entire Purple and White team acquitted itself well. Zwerko of Holyoke revealed the reason why he is one of the outstanding backs in the state when he plunged through the line. Little, his teammate, also played well, but was closely guarded.

Pittsfield's first scoring opportunity came in the first quarter when Allen and Dixon blocked Zwerko's punt, giving the visitors the ball on Holyoke's 32-yard marker. Two short passes, thrown by Woitkoski to Ayers and to Anderson, were successful. P. H. S. gained ten yards for a first down. Then the Connecticut Valley boys tightened their defense.

Woitkoski continued to fling passes in the second period to Ayers and Allen for several gains. Again Pittsfield blocked a punt, securing the ball on the home team's twenty-yard line. The conclusion of the first half halted Pittsfield's steady march.

Chub Chiodo tried to kick a field goal in the second half, but failed when the oval went wide by a few inches. The Holyoke team tried to gain by means of an aerial attack, which was futile because of Pittsfield's clever defense against passes.

The game ended following Zwerko's punt to Woitkoski from the 30-yard line.

The line-up:

PITTSFIELD

Anderson, l.e.
Larsen, l.t.
Chiodo, l.g.
Dixon, c.
Canfield, r.g.
Curtin, r.t.
Marchisio, r.e.,
Woitkoski, q.b.
Keller, Spasyk, l.h.b.
Allen, r.h.b.
Calderilla, f.b.

HOLYOKE

r.e., Luckin!
r.t., Decker
r.g., Dominic
c., Hickson
l.g., Wiluz
l.t., Malcolm, Bunnell
l.e., O'Brien
q.b., Little
r.h.b., Joyce
l.h.b., Zwerko
f.b., Watz

Score: Holyoke 0, Pittsfield 0. Officials: Referee, Hannifin; Umpire, Winters; Head Linesman, Rooney. Time: 10 minute quarters.

E. J. M.

Coach Stewart Names All Berkshire Eleven

Although Coach Charles Stewart did not offer his All-Berkshire team selections for publication as did other grid mentors in the county, he kindly agreed to give his choice to *The Pen* sporting staff.

Coach Stewart has selected the following eleven:

Anderson, Pittsfield High, left end
McCluskey, Drury, left tackle
Powers, Adams, left guard
Dixon, Pittsfield High, center
Larsen, Pittsfield High, right guard
Furey, St. Joseph's right tackle
Marchisio, Pittsfield High, right end
Woitkoski, Pittsfield High, quarterback
Halfbacks, Gasson, St. Joseph's and
Murray, Dalton
Fullback, Pryztos, Adams

Mr. Stewart, when asked to name his team, stated that he did not see the Williamstown High School eleven in action and, consequently, could not make any comment regarding Connors, a back whom John M. Flynn of *The Eagle* chose for his mythical first team.

Coach Stewart's favorite squad as compared with that of Coach Fox of Adams has fewer Adams men. *The Eagle* decided that Adams deserved first place in the league standing, but we of *The Pen*, who saw Pittsfield High perform against such strong combines as New Britain High, Holyoke, and Poughkeepsie feel that our boys were better than the North Berkshire eleven. Since Pittsfield High beat St. Joseph's and the parochial school boys registered a victory over Adams, it is very difficult to pick the best grid machine in Berkshire County.

Pittsfield Wins City Championship

Six thousand fans saw the Purple and White grid team triumph for the third consecutive year over St. Joseph's High by a 13-6 score. This Thanksgiving Day game, played at Wahconah Park, was hard fought, although Pittsfield High had the edge on the parochial school boys throughout. "Albie" Dixon's defense work was remarkable, especially in the second quarter when he blocked a punt. Joe Woitkoski carried the ball over for the first touchdown.

Woitkoski played his best in this battle, running and punting the ball in fine fashion. In the first period, Joe baffled the other side completely when, faking a kick, he streaked around right end from Pittsfield's 19-yard line to St. Joseph's 30-yard strip.

Satrape, star of Coach St. James' combine, could do little. Captain Allen stopped the little quarterback several times before he could get started. Cassella, Satrape's teammate, made several fine punts and threw forwards many times. Both sides played a hard but clean game.

Chub Chiodo's placement kick for the extra point after Woitkoski's first touchdown was perfect. He also made some fine kickoffs despite the strong wind, which proved detrimental to the interests of both elevens.

In the last quarter Joe Woitkoski intercepted a forward pass and raced to St. Joseph's forty-yard line. Allen advanced the ball ten yards. The game came to a close on the parochial boys' twenty-five-yard marker.

The line-up:

PITTSFIELD HIGH

Anderson, l.e.
Curtin, l.t.
Chiodo, l.g.
Dixon, c.
Canfield, Cullen, r.g.
Larsen, Martin, r.t.
Marchisio, Engle, r.e.
Woitkoski, q.b.
Keller, Calderilla, Spasyk, l.h.b.
Allen, r.h.b.
Ayers, f.b.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH

r.e., Pleau
r.t., Gallagher
r.g., Knight, Reilly
c., Furey
l.g., Nolan
l.t., Collins
l.e., Cowell
q.b., Gasson
l.h.b., Cote
r.h.b., Satrape
f.b., Cassella

Score: Pittsfield High 13, St. Joseph's High 6. Touchdowns: Woitkoski 2, Gasson 1. Point after touchdown: Chiodo on kick from placement. Referee: Eddie Williamson, Williams College. Umpire: Dave Hosley, North Adams. Field Judge: Art Fox, Brown. Linesman: Daniel Martin, Syracuse. Time: two 10 and two 12 minute periods.

E. J. M.

Joffe (at box office): "Two tickets for the Senior Play."

Ticket Seller: "What date?"

Joffe: "Mary."



Exchange Comments

Phillips Monthly, Exeter—Excellent stories.

The Cambridge Review—French column is interesting. Class notes are full of pep. More poetry would add to the attractiveness of your publication.

The English Record—Cartoons are good—Why not publish more stories?

The Orange Leaf—Your poems are especially good. News notes are peppy.

The Garnet and White—Literary department is especially good. Athletic notes are written in an interesting manner. We enjoyed this publication very much.

The Cue—Your cuts are unique and attractive. "School Notes" and the Literary Department were very complete and interesting.

The Albany Academy *Cue* one of our outstanding exchanges, sent us its opening number which we enjoyed. Despite the fact that too many of the jokes come from *College Life*, we thought that the idea of printing them among the advertisements was a good one. The new cuts are well-drawn, especially "Football." Your business manager and his associates are very capable to secure so many ads during these dull times.

Acknowledging the

Owl, Hudson High School, Hudson, N. Y.

Hermonite, Mount Hermon, Mass.

Colby Echo, Waterville, Maine

Bates Student, Lewiston, Maine

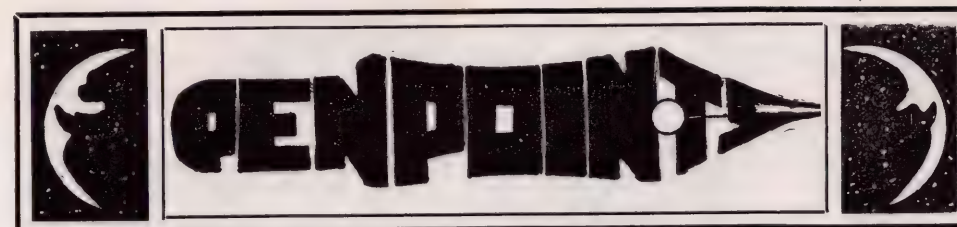
Sutherland, Proctor, Vermont

Central Recorder, Springfield, Mass.

Massachusetts Collegian, Amherst, Mass.

Boston University News, Boston, Mass.

The Camden Record, Camden, N. J.



"This fire extinguisher, madam, will last for forty years."

"I shan't be here all that time."

"But when you go, you can take it with you."

* * * *

They laughed when I started to make a new kind of dynamite, but when I dropped it, they exploded.

* * * *

"Daddy," said the little one, "What do they do with a football player when his eyesight fails him?"

"They make a referee out of him," replied Mr. Carmody.

* * * *

"Can you tell me the name of the Dean of this school?"

"Naw, I'm just a football player here."

* * * *

"And is your daughter happily married?"

"Oh, yes, her husband is scared to death of her."

* * * *

Dixon: "What kind of oil do you use in your car, Joe?"

Woitkoski: "Oh, I usually begin by telling them I'm lonely."

* * * *

Teacher: "When the census taker asked me how old I was, I couldn't remember whether I was twenty-four or twenty-five."

Student: "And what did you say?"

Teacher: "Twenty-one."

* * * *

Son: "What is the pale of civilization, dad?"

Father: "Oh, some new brand of face powder!"

* * * *

"Dot" Gross: "How are you getting along since your mother's been away?"

Boy Friend: "Oh, life is much less complicated. I can put my socks on from either end."

* * * *

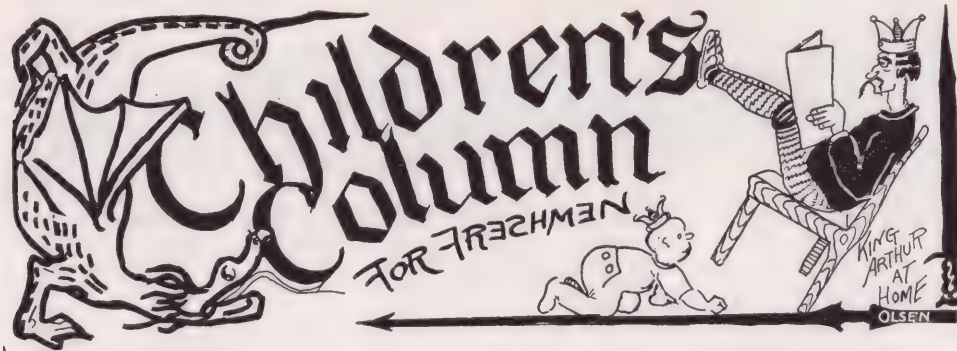
Bookseller: "This book will do half your work."

R. Boutwell: "I'll take two, please."

* * * *

Mr. Hennessey: "How is it you have only written ten lines on 'Milk' and the others have written pages?"

"Cal" Hannum: "I wrote on Condensed Milk."



come oswald get down from the chandelier and take that electric light bulb out of your mouth for i must tell you the story about santa claus, the expression santa claus is an old greek idiom meaning to go on a bender or to get drunk but everyone has forgotten that meaning except a few old numbskulls who dig away at greek. the custom of giving presents also dates back to old greek days the good old days we used to know oswald. one night an old greek warrior named otto zilch decided he would like to have some fun and steal a goat from his neighbor that is where we get the saying to get someone's goat. he otto the bold succeeded in getting into the yard of his neighbor who nevertheless (there's a 50cent word for you agathia) was waiting for him with a club. he the neighbor this time loaned otto a wallop on the head which caused him to go out like a light he lay there all night and the next morning some of his friends came and picked him up from the ground they carried him home, they thought he had been drinking and so brought him some things to sober him up. they brought horns and rattles and all sorts of toys one of otto's children happened to come by just then and surprised at seeing all the toys asked what was the matter. one of the friends shouted santa claus, the boy yelled hurray and grabbing all the toys ran away the men let him go to get him out of the way the boy told all the other children and they all celebrated this is how santa claus came to mean a giver of presents oswald stop chewing that shoe horn if you all are good i will tell santa claus to sober up and give you a latin grammar and three slide rules for christmas otherwise i will tell the teacher you cheat matching nickels and you will be expelled

She: "Did you hear the 'Chimney Swallow?'"

Foot (embarrassed): "That wasn't the chimney, Ethel; it was I."

* * * *

Miss Nagel was recently very much surprised when her Vergil class received an assignment with great manifestation of joy.

Said she, absentmindedly: "Friday, we'll take the life of Vergil."

And she wondered why they laughed.

* * * *

Dean Parker asked one of the girls, "Do P. H. S. girls kiss?"

"You'd be surprised," was the answer, "what goes on right under my nose!"

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

Troy, New York

A School of Engineering and Science

THE Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was established at Troy, New York, in 1824, and is the oldest school of engineering and science in the United States. Students have come to it from all of the states and territories of the Union and from thirty-nine foreign countries. At the present time, there are over 1600 students enrolled at the school.

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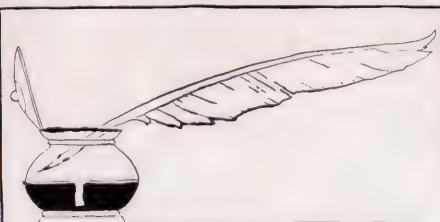
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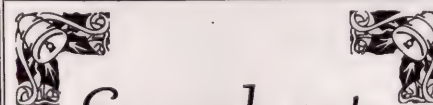
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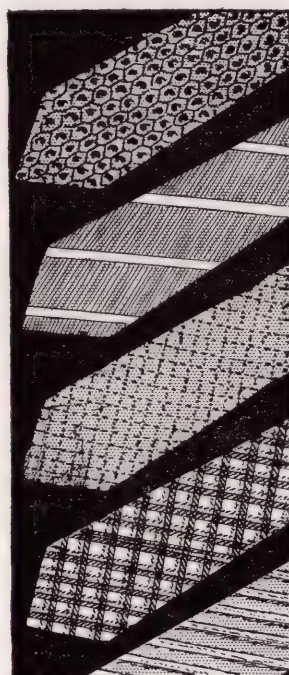
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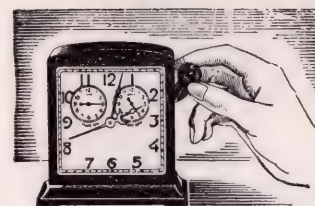
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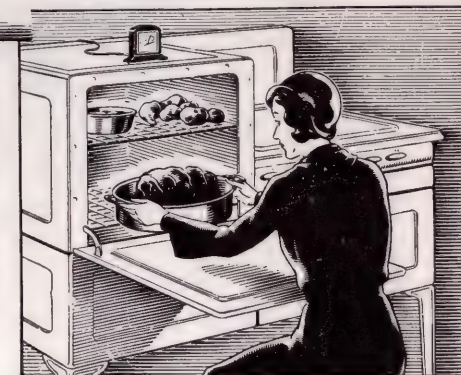
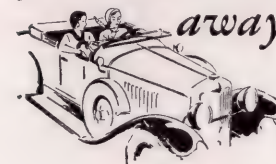
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